Salt and Iron

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by hartfeathers

Summary

"Though I should not be surprised that a man such as he would be territorial over his lover, even after all this time."

Will swallows thickly, shifting slightly and licking his lips before replying, "We were never intimate in that way."

Francis raises his eyebrow in disbelief but Will maintains eye contact and sees the understanding flit over Francis' face, then a devious glint appears in his eye.

"Lecter tried to take from us, I'd like to take something from him." Francis growls softly.

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I tagged Infidelity because Will is married to Molly and Emotional Infidelity in relation to his bond with Hannibal.

Prompt - "This is my design."

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
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Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Will has been chloroformed by Francis but he is cognizant and their sex is consensual.

Will feels pent up with the unsatisfied thrill of the hunt and frustrated by the rather flat ending to the case. Coupled with the maelstrom of emotion caused by seeing Hannibal again, their connection reigniting during their reunion, he feels on edge and restless. The reason he stayed away all these years was specifically because of this. He knew that if he visited Hannibal he would be opening himself to that bond once more but being so close he couldn't resist the pull and chasing the Dragon awakened his blood lust. He feels different. He isn't the same man he was, he's no longer the man Molly married and despite his words to Hannibal he knows he can't go back - their life will never be the same no matter how hard he tries. It took everything in him to push down his darker urges and feelings for Hannibal three years ago, he doesn't think he's strong enough to do it again even with the consistent love of his wife.

He shuts the door of his motel room and catches movement in the darkness, he reacts just a split second too late. As he turns to face the threat he is grabbed from behind by Francis, his mouth and nose suddenly smothered by cloth, the sweet chemical scent indicating the rag is doused with chloroform. His instincts flare and he kicks against the door but the quick and harsh movement does little to dislodge his assailant. He thrashes wildly, kicking against any surface he can reach, panic slowly starting to creep in as Francis maintains his vice-like grip. Despite his struggles Francis doesn't falter, he simply absorbs Will's energy. They crash against the mirror, the glass fractures and reflects them side by side in the broken shards - shattered and incomplete.

Will grabs at Francis' arm, trying to pry his grip free and using it as leverage to kick out desperately as he feels himself begin to weaken. The room tilts and they find themselves on the floor, Will thrashes against Francis furiously, angry at himself for being caught off guard and finding himself in such a vulnerable position.

As the edges of his vision starts to blur and darken Will feels the damp heat of Francis panting against his neck. The other man is only slightly out of breath and more so from exhilaration than any sort of fatigue. Will can feel the warmth of the Dragon's body pressed tight against his own, his hold is immovable and unbidden Will feels a frisson of arousal shiver through his veins. To be manhandled so effortlessly by this beast of a man, to be forcibly subdued and caged in by the tight band of his arms - Will can't deny the lust that flickers in his blood. Will finally feels his body go lax as the chloroform takes hold, his muscles unwillingly relaxing in this terrible lovers embrace.

Will is awakened by the sudden sensation of cold water splashing against his skin, he gasps quietly as he opens his eyes, water trickling down his face.

"Do you think you can sit up? Try to sit up." Francis is sitting on the corner of the motel bed, leaning forward to watch him eagerly.

Will takes a quick stock of his body, "You didn't break my back."

"Your face is closed to me." Francis states, confused and curious, ignoring Will's remark.

"If I can see you, you can see me."

"You think you understand, don't you?" His tone borders on condescending and it's clear Francis doesn't think all that much of him.

"I understand '*that blood and breath are only elements undergoing change to fuel your radiance*.' Hannibal said those words. To me." Will can't help the resentment that creeps into his words and feels a small thrill of satisfaction as Francis frowns, clearly unhappy to learn he isn't the first Hannibal has whispered too. Will understands that feeling all too well.

"I wanted to share with Lecter, and Lecter betrayed me." Will can read the soft note of sadness in the other man's voice.

"He betrayed me, too."

"I would like to share." his expression changes, his frown softens into something hopeful and wanting.

"You shared with Reba."

"I shared with Reba a little, in a way that she could survive."

"But you didn't change her." Will knows that no matter how monstrous this man is he truly loved Reba, in the only way he knew how.

"I chose not to change her. I'm stronger than the Dragon now." a look of self confidence settles over Francis' face, he has clearly made peace with the beast inside himself, becoming one with it. Will feels a little jealous of that, of his self assuredness and ability to accept even the darkest parts of himself - something Will still struggles to do.

The seed of a plan blooms in his mind. "Hannibal Lecter is who you need to change."

"I want to meet Lecter. How would I manage that?" he asks, a small smirk crossing his lips, which Will answers with his own.

Once they have discussed and agreed upon their plan Will waits for the other man to leave but instead he lingers, looking at Will with interest.

"I didn't find you interesting at first but you are more fascinating than I thought, I see you now." Francis pauses, a cunning brightness sparks in his eyes, "Dr Lecter is very possessive

of you, isn't he."

It's not a question so Will simply stares at the man sitting opposite him and his silence only seems to validate Francis' new found revelations about Will's relationship with Hannibal.

"Though I should not be surprised that a man such as he would be territorial over his lover, even after all this time."

Will swallows thickly, shifting slightly and licking his lips before replying, "We were never intimate in that way."

Francis raises his eyebrow in disbelief but Will maintains eye contact and sees the understanding flit over Francis' face, then a devious glint appears in his eye.

"Lecter tried to take from us, I'd like to take something from him." Francis growls softly.

Will feels his heart quicken at the edge in his tone, his mouth feels dry and excitement stirs as the suggestion hangs in the air. The atmosphere between them shifts and turns heady, the tang of threat ebbs and fizzles into heat and desire. Will can read the primal hunger in Franics' gaze, the animal-like need to take and dominate. He feels that thrill of lust return, flaring hot in his blood, it's been a long time since he's felt this searing lick of forbidden desire. He has felt lust for his wife but it's always the gently simmering kind, never this animalistic fire that makes his heart race so fast he feels lightheaded. It's paired with the excitement of danger because he knows Hannibal will be incandescent with rage when he discovers the Dragon has laid his hands on him.

Will leans back in the chair and spreads his legs, a move reminiscent of his posture during his sessions with Hannibal. He feels a smirk tug at his lips as Francis' eyes roam almost greedily over his body, "I wouldn't be opposed to facilitating some reciprocity."

Francis grins and Will shivers at the show of teeth, he knows this beast likes to bite. For a moment neither move, the only sound in the room is their breathing, both of them assessing the other as the room fills with carnal heat.

Then a flash of movement, Will feels a sharp tug and rough hands, before he can comprehend what's happening Francis throws him against the wall moving his body as if he weighs nothing. He groans both from the ache of his back hitting the wall and from how much being manhandled turns him on. He still feels a bit sluggish from the chloroform so before he can move fast enough to grab at Francis' wrists he is spun and slammed face first into the wall. He can't help the snarl he makes as he struggles against the hold, he shrugs his shoulders and manages to escape Francis' grasp by slipping out of his jacket. He turns to face the other man and feels his pulse jump at the flare of heat in his eyes, Francis drops the jacket and launches forward, Will is too slow to avoid his hands and finds himself thrown through the air, landing on the bed. He pants as Francis begins stalking towards him, he crawls backwards to continue their little game of cat and mouse just so he can incite the Dragon. Before he can get far Francis grabs his legs and drags him back to the centre of the mattress.

Will stares up at the animal of a man above him, his heart pounding with excitement. Francis takes him by the hips and moves his body as he pleases until he has him on his hands and

knees in the middle of the bed. He sucks in a sharp breath as Francis leans over him, he pushes down between Will's shoulder blades until his arms buckle, using his body to pin Will down. Will groans as he feels Francis' hard cock against his ass through their clothes, he can't help but press his hips back into the contact finding himself becoming eager for it. He hisses as Francis bites his shoulder, the flare of pain makes his blood heat so he rocks back onto Francis' cock again and moans when the man above him bites his other shoulder. Despite his shirt being a barrier between his flesh and the Dragon's mouth he knows there will be angry red indentations of his teeth left behind.

He feels his body jerk as Francis roughly pulls down his trousers and underwear bunching them around his knees, the clothing restricting his movement. He arches his back as he hears the clink of Francis belt and the sound of a condom being opened. He groans at the filthy sound of Francis spitting onto his own hand, biting his lip when two spit slick fingers push into him. It burns slightly, he hasn't been penetrated in a long time and this is a rush job with too little lube but he wants it. He wants the pain lanced pleasure of being roughly fucked with too little preparation, he *needs* it to hurt.

He pants heavily into the bedspread beneath his cheek as Francis spits again, the wet sound of him stroking his cock is loud in the small room. He makes a sound that can only be described as a whine as Francis enters into him, bottoming out in one harsh thrust. But the beast at his back doesn't give him any time to adjust he immediately begins a fast, harsh pace, fucking into Will with abandon.

Will moans, burning pain and searing pleasure coursing through his blood, his cock is achingly hard and weeping between his legs. His mouth hangs open, drooling onto the sheets as he gasps for breath as Francis uses his strength to pull his hips back into his hard thrusts. The man growls fiercely and bites his shoulder again, laying over Will's back and using his bulk to pin him so he can't move, Will simply allows himself to be used.

He feels a bite of self loathing as the glint of his wedding ring catches his eye, the bubbling feeling of betrayal sticking to his ribs. He loves Molly, truly, but he cannot return to being her 'good man'. He can't slip into that person suit again and carry on pretending that's who he is. He has spent years holding closed that door inside himself that Hannibal coaxed open, now the door has fallen off its hinges and there is no going back, there is no closing the door this time. And he doesn't want to go back. Despite a small part of him wanting that simple, 'normal' life a larger, louder part of himself wants the danger, the violence and the twisted love that he now knows Hannibal feels for him.

He clenches his hand and twists the sheet between his fingers to obscure the ring as he gives himself over to the physical sensation of Francis above him, inside him, and imagines the terrible jealous wrath he hopes to invoke in Hannibal.

Will bites his lip in an effort to contain his sounds as Francis fucks into him imagining how Hannibal's eyes will flare red with vicious hunger when he learns of this. An iron tang spreads over his palate as his lip splits beneath his teeth, the taste of blood spilling into his mouth makes him groan. He gives up on containing his moans as Francis yanks on his hips, changing the angle so he rubs over Will's prostate with every slightly dry drag of his cock.

Will's sounds of pleasure fill the room almost unbearably loud even to his own ears, helpless to contain himself under the onslaught of Francis' animalistic thrusts. He shivers when a deep growl emanates from the Dragon's chest, Will feels the vibration of it against his back and keens in answer. A strong hand wraps around his jaw, Francis' fingers cover his mouth to smother his cries. Will writhes, his whole body is alight with lust as he is pinned completely at the Dragon's mercy, trapped beneath in his body. Francis' thrusts become even more wild, rutting into Will as he furiously chases his own pleasure. Feeling caught on the edge of ecstasy Will reaches down and grabs his cock, he moans and leans into the hand wrapped around his jaw as he quickly strokes himself. Will's orgasm crashes through him as Francis bites into his shoulder so hard Will wouldn't be surprised if he pierced the skin. His moans and whines are muffled behind Francis' fingers as he shivers, he can feel Francis' thrusts stutter as the man grinds into him, growling into Will's flesh that is still held between his teeth as he orgasms.

Francis finally removes his hand and Will pants harshly, gulping down air as his body trembles in the aftermath. He groans as Francis pulls out, the tug of his cock burning slightly now, aching a little after being fucked so roughly and only having spit to ease the way. He collapses, the strength in his thighs giving out as Francis releases him. He feels the wetness of his own cum beneath him as he lays trying to calm his still racing heart, he watches Francis stand beside the bed and refasten his belt.

Francis washes his hands in the bathroom, meticulously cleaning and drying his skin, he then comes to stand beside him and looks at Will with satisfaction. Will smirks up at him, a look of knowing and agreement passes between them then the other man leaves, exiting the room almost silently. Will feels himself relax now he's alone, the natural fear instinct receding now Francis has left. He stretches on the bed and groans as his body aches, covered in sweat, spit and his own cum, he feels the sting of the bites on his back as his skin pulls.

He flips onto his back and pushes his trousers and underwear off, wrinkling his nose a little to see that they're covered in his own release. He slowly gets off the bed, using the side table to support himself as his body feels a little weak from the lingering chloroform and crash of adrenaline.

As he begins striping off his shirt he catches the scent of smokey wood and leather, his shirt smells like Francis. He grins to himself as he begins to plan for what comes next and how he's going to tease the seemingly unflappable Dr Lecter.

Chapter 2

As they sit in the back of the police van Hannibal can't take his eyes off Will who sits opposite him. Ever since the moment the younger man leaned close to him and whispered '*please*' Hannibal has been distracted and now, with them in such close quarters, it's bothering him even more. There is a scent clinging to Will that he doesn't recognise. The odour of smoke and leather with the slight salt tang of sweat, distinct and noticeable but at least a day stale. He knows the scent doesn't belong to Molly, he remembers the itch of jealousy he felt when Will came to him after seeing her in the hospital, the scent of apple and violet lingering on his skin where he touched her. This scent is masculine and completely unknown to him, it is making his skin crawl with anxious jealousy and the searing need to cover Will with his own scent.

The journey to the house is almost excruciating, now free of his mask Hannibal can breathe more easily and the car is permeated with Will's scent. Hannibal delights in the familiar sandalwood and bourbon vanilla cologne Will is once again using, gone is the awful child picked aftershave he has been wearing. But beneath that enchanting warm wood and creamy sweetness is that unknown scent - smoke, leather and salt. Faded cologne and clean sweat, not all of which belong to Will. His hands tighten on the steering wheel as he stews in his anger, a theory of the scent's owner tugs at his mind but he cannot confirm it. As impatient as he is, all he can do is wait.

Once inside the house Will avoids him, secluding himself in the guest bedroom, so Hannibal decides to shower and change. It is a relief to be rid of the jumpsuit and almost medicinal scent of the prison soap, he luxuriates in the hot water and expensive shampoo. As he dresses in comfortable slacks and a charcoal sweater, spritzing his neck with his signature pomegranate, cedar and patchouli cologne, he feels like himself for the first time in three long years.

He finds Will staring out the window at the dark landscape, he admires the soft warm glow of the low lights and how the white shirt fits him perfectly, accentuating his slim waist. Hannibal pours them wine and breathes deeply, relieved to find no trace of that foreign scent remaining on Will's skin and it appears the boy found the bottle of his cologne Hannibal stored for him. He closes his eyes and basks in Will's scent - vanilla, sandalwood, sage and oakmoss - rich warm wood, deep autumn earth, a mellow sweetness and a light crisp note. Hannibal could *bathe* in the scent that's made all the more complex and beautiful as it warms on Will's skin.

Hannibal hands Will a glass of wine, "Save yourself, kill them all?"

Will sighs deeply, "I don't know if I can save myself. Maybe that's just fine." Hannibal can hear the acceptance in his tone, he is at peace with his decision and is ready to accept his fate tonight, whatever that may be.

Hannibal watches him carefully as he steps back and stands in front of the large window, placing himself between Will and the darkness outside, "'*No greater love hath man than to*

lay down his life for a friend.'"

Will sips from his glass and seems to come to a decision, "He's watching us now." as he speaks his eyes flick ever so subtly to Hannibal's right.

"I know." he moves just a fraction to the side.

The sudden sound of glass shattering is followed by a sharp pain along his side and the wine bottle in his hand explodes, wine splashing over his clothes and onto the floor. Hannibal lets his legs collapse beneath him and falls to the floor, he glances down to see that bullet has just grazed his flank, a small tear in the skin of his waist, had he not moved, had Will not signalled to him, it would have torn through his abdomen. He covers the wound and dramatises his injury as Francis intended to wound him enough to almost incapacitate but now Hannibal has the upper hand.

His scheming screeches to a halt as Francis steps into the room and his scent invades the air. A burning campfire of smokey guaiac wood and rich earth, skin-warm leather with a hint of nutmeg and tang of berry-like citrus - smoke and leather. He feels rage and possessiveness surge in his blood as his suspicion is confirmed, it was the scent of Francis that lingered on Will, the scent of another monster covering his cunning boy. He looks up at Will who stands over him stoically sipping his wine, the younger man betrays nothing as Hannibal stares up at him but Hannibal spies the slight twitch of his lips.

He turns to the other man in the room who is setting up a tripod and camera, "Hello, Francis."

"Hello, Dr Lecter."

His voice is no longer weak or wavering, it is self assured and almost cocky, the implication of that confidence makes his blood shimmer with fury.

"I wanted to share with you, Dr Lecter, but you betrayed me." Francis stands as he speaks, taking slow steps towards Will, "But I'm not the only one you betrayed."

Hannibal snarls as Francis gently touches Will's neck, brushing against the skin with the backs of his fingers. He watches as Will simply allows the touch, his boy accepting the touch of another right in front of him sets a fire in his gut.

"I told you that I didn't find Will Graham very handsome but it turns out I was wrong, he is very pretty." Francis pauses and grins down at Hannibal, "Especially with a look of pure pleasure on his face while he's being fucked."

Hannibal stops breathing. The last piece of the puzzle clicks into place, the trace of sweat that clung to Will, the reason why Francis' smell lingered on him was because they had been touching, they had been intimate. Hannibal feels incandescent with rage, he wants to rip Francis apart limb from limb for putting his hands on his Will, for touching him in ways Hannibal has not yet been allowed.

Francis strokes a hand over Will's shoulder then down the length of his spine, "You betrayed me, so I stole from you." He steps away from Will to stand over Hannibal, "And I'm going to

steal from you again, then you will meld with the Dragon."

Francis plans to fuck Will in front of him and then kill him, *absolutely fucking not*. With a vicious snarl Hannibal launches himself at Francis, throwing all his weight at the beast as they tumble out the broken window onto the stone patio. Hannibal quickly gets to his feet but Francis is already on him, grabbing him by the throat, Hannibal claws at his arm and kicks out but the man is immovable. He snarls and digs his nails into Franics' wrist drawing blood as he struggles to breathe around the fingers squeezing his neck. Then Francis drops him, he takes in large gulps of air and looks up to see the man pulling a kitchen knife from where it has been stabbed into his forearm.

Hannibal watches as Francis turns on Will and growl viciously, "We had an agreement."

Will smirks, showing his teeth, "Sorry, Francis, I have my own design for how tonight is going to play out."

Fury overtakes Francis' features, he drops the knife and pulls one of his own from his pocket, he rushes forward and slams it into Will's collarbone. Hannibal snarls and jumps on Francis' back, forcing him to drop Will, he tries to snap the Dragon's neck but Francis twists and tosses Hannibal off. He groans in pain as he hits the ground and looks up to see Francis striding towards him. Behind the Dragon he sees Will pulling the knife from his shoulder, a look of determination crosses his face as he quickly follows Francis and stabs the blade into his back. He roars in pain and rage, Hannibal grabs a nearby hatchet and slashes across the back of Francis' leg. The Dragon snarls as his leg gives way, he kneels as he tries to regain his momentum, blood spilling from his wounds.

Hannibal locks eyes with Will as they circle Francis, both of them blood stained and feral, Hannibal is enamoured with the vicious glint in Will's eyes. They share a knowing look as Francis struggles to his feet, in unison Hannibal jumps on Franics' back and Will drives the knife into his abdomen. Francis struggles and tries to fight them off but it's too late, Hannibal leans in and bites, ripping out his throat mercilessly as Will carves through his stomach. Blood pours from his throat and belly, Francis staggers as life weeps from his torn and beaten body.

Hannibal releases him and steps away, watching as Francis collapses to his knees, falling onto his back as his body weakens. Francis gives Will a fleeting look before staring up at the moon as life slowly fades from his eyes and blood seeps across the patio on either side of him, unfurling into red dragon's wings.

Hannibal pants harshly as Will walks towards him, blood covering his shoulder, hands and jaw.

"It really does look black in the moonlight." Will whispers as he steps into Hannibal's space, his breath catches as Will gently strokes over the bullet graze on his side.

Hannibal stares at him utterly captivated and in a state of euphoria, "See." he says breathlessly, "This is all I ever wanted for
you, Will. For both of us."

Will smiles and their eyes meet, "It's beautiful."

Hannibal nods absently as he stares at Will's lips, all he wants in this moment is to kiss him, to lay his claim on him in this moment of victory as the body of their slain enemy grows cold. Will clutches at him, embracing him, and drags Hannibal's arm around his waist to encourage him to hold tighter. Hannibal basks in the heat of his body and the glorious touch of his skin, he has been starved for Will's touch for so long. He leans in just a little, silently asking for permission, and feels his heart skip a beat when Will licks his own lips and nods. Hannibal wastes no time and captures Will's mouth with his own, moaning as he finally kisses the man he has been yearning for, for years.

For several long moments they hold each other as they kiss, languidly exploring each other's mouths as the ocean crashes against the rocks below them and the moon illuminates them from above. But soon it isn't enough. Hannibal can feel jealousy creeping up his throat and possessiveness wrapping around his lungs as he remembers that Will allowed the Dragon to lay a claim on him. The desperate need to overwrite that lesser claim claws at him.

His hold on Will tightens and his fingers clench in Will's shirt, fisting the material in his hand as he pulls him impossibly closer. Will makes a small huffed sound against his lips as their chests press together and Hannibal imagines he can feel the pounding of Will's heart against his breast. His hand wanders from Will's waist to his grab his ass, the delicious plush cheeks he's spent years admiring. Will moans, slightly high pitched in surprise, and Hannibal can't help but wonder if he made those sounds for Francis and his thin control shatters like a teacup. He snarls into Will's mouth and nips the boy's lip as he begins pushing him towards the house.

Will breaks the kiss to pant against his mouth, "Hannibal -"

He just growls and kisses him harshly, they stumble back through the broken window as Hannibal bites angry and jealous kisses against Will's mouth, a thrill races though him as he hears the little whining moans the younger man makes. Shards of glass crackle under their feet as Hannibal forces Will backwards, almost slipping on the spilled wine in his haste, all the while not letting their lips part as if he needs Will's touch and air to breathe. He threads his fingers in Will's silk soft, damp curls and twists almost cruelly and delights in the whine that spills from those sinful lips.

They finally reach the thick rug that lies in the middle of the floor before the fireplace, beyond the shattered mess their fight left behind. Hannibal uses his harsh grip on Will's hair to guide him down, forcing him to kneel and then follows him - manhandling him until Will is laid supine beneath his own body. It soothes something primal in him to have Will in this vulnerable position, submitting to him so easily. He pauses for a moment to just take in the sight of Will, to engrave this vision into his memory, the flush of his cheeks and the wild look of desire in his eyes that seem to shine like precious aquamarine gemstones.

Will wraps his legs around his hips, tightening his hold so their groins press together and Hannibal groans as he feels their rapidly hardening cocks brush. Will smirks up at him and rolls his hips, Hannibal can't help the way his lip curls into a snarl, pleasure racing through his veins. Will licks his lips coyly and Hannibal can almost feel the lazy satisfaction rolling off the other man in waves, so pleased with himself to be able to reduce Hannibal to a feral

mess. He wants to wipe that smirk of his lips and drown the boy in so much pleasure that he can't even remember his own name.

He leans down and brushes his nose along Will's jaw line, taking in the scent of clean sweat, sea air, blood and the faint lingering scent of bourbon vanilla - it makes his mouth water and he can't help but lick a stripe from the hinge of Will's jaw to his chin, stubble prickling his tongue. Will dips his head and catches his lips, Hannibal moans and licks into his mouth, tracing over Will's teeth and palate - tasting every inch of his mouth. As he pulls away Will licks his upper lip, Hannibal rubs their tongues together, the slick sound of saliva and blood seems echoingly loud in the darkness.

Hannibal gazes down at a kiss drunk Will, blood smeared across his lips and jaw, sluggishly pooling in the dip of his collarbone, looking debauched and beautifully lethal. Feeling lust once again quicken in his veins, Hannibal kisses Will's throat, biting and sucking the skin to leave bright marks of possession in his path. He strokes his hands down Will's chest, feeling the solid heat of his body, and growls at the material that bars him from touching the skin beneath. With a sudden, swift movement he rips the shirt open, buttons scatter across the floor but he pays them no mind as he immediately takes one of Will's nipples into his mouth, sucking and rolling the bud between his teeth. The sounds of pleasure Will makes spurs him on and he licks the other nipple, biting gently just to see it redden.

He leans up so he can look at the scar raking across Will's belly, he gently traces the now healed skin for the first time and can't deny how much it thrills him to see the scar that marks Will as his. He tugs and pinches one of Will's nipples as he kisses across the scar - sweet, tender presses of his lips - a shiver of heat skitters over his skin as Will arches beneath the pleasure-pain of his touches.

He travels lower and breathes heavily as he nuzzles Will's erection, scenting his arousal like a beast. Twin moans fill the air as Hannibal practically salivates at the pure scent of Will who writhes at the sensation of hot breath washing over his already aching cock. Hannibal mouths Will through his trousers, teasing himself by taking his first taste through layers of material, whetting his appetite.

"Hannibal, *fuck*." Will curses and arches his hips, pressing into Hannibal's face to chase the not-quite-enough touch.

Hannibal smirks and looks up at Will, his chin gently pressing at the base of the other man's cock, "Yes, my darling boy?"

"You know what I want," he pants, his eyes almost blown black with lust. "I want you." Will emphasises his words with a roll of his hips, pressing his cock up against Hannibal's throat and groans when Hannibal growls, the vibration of it humming against him. "Please, give me what I want, cher."

Hannibal feels something beautiful bloom in his chest at the softly uttered French term of endearment, so sweet falling from Will's tongue. It reignites his almost frantic desire and need for this man. He tears at Will's trousers, almost breaking the zipper as he yanks them down along with the underwear beneath, he leans back and pulls them free, casting them aside without a care as he now *finally* has Will entirely naked.

He is utterly captivated as he slowly, reverently, caresses the pale skin laid out beneath him. He strokes over Will's strong, thick thighs, the softness of his belly, the slightly freckled planes of his chest. Will is incomparably beautiful. More so than any work of art Hannibal has ever laid his eyes on, his visage belongs with that of the Renaissance masterpieces but Hannibal finds himself greedy and possessive. Will is *his* and no other is worthy enough to gaze upon his beauty, especially at his most raw and primal as he is now, crimson blood painting his chest with pink stains smeared across his skin where Hannibal's own blood tainted hands have touched him. No, Hannibal will share this sight with no one else and he'd kill anyone who dare lay their eyes on his beloved.

It seems his dear Will has become impatient because he sits up and pulls Hannibal in by the back of the neck, kissing him passionately. Hannibal moans as Will's tongue delves into his mouth, then hisses when Will bites his lip hard, blood spilling from the swollen flesh painting their lips red. Hannibal pants harshly as he watches Will slowly lie back down with a smirk on his wine red lips, a teasing glint in his eye. He feels a growl rumble in his chest at the audacity of the boy, to act so coy and self assured, to tease the beast when just days before he had let another touch him, *take* him.

Hannibal digs his fingers into the meat of Will's thighs, gripping the muscle tightly, determined to create bruises beneath his touch. The desire to mark every inch of Will's body so that he and any who dare look at him will know he is claimed returns with a vengeance. He presses harder and basks in Will's hissed groan, his cock twitching on his belly. Hannibal leans down and flicks his tongue across the head of his cock, musky salt precum bursts across his tongue, he hums appreciatively at the pure taste of Will as he would an exquisite wine. He wraps his hand around the base of Will's cock and slowly licks from his fingers to the tip, flicking his tongue against the wet head. Will arches and groans beneath him, squirming as Hannibal continues to lick lines up his cock, taking his time to taste and touch. Once Will's moans tip into mewls Hannibal swallows his cock, pressing forward until Will's cock hits the back of his throat.

Hannibal feels Will's legs trembling beneath his touch, his hips twitching in an effort to keep from thrusting up into his mouth. He bobs his head a few times, enjoying the slow drag and press of Will's cock along the roof of his mouth. He hums softly as he sucks, holding Will deep and swallowing around the weeping head, the wrecked sob Will emits sends shivers down his spine.

He slides off Will's cock with one last kiss to the slick head and licks his lips to savour the taste, catching Will's gaze as he does so and enjoys the flare of heat that burns in his eyes.

The moment has slowed, like honey poured over them. The momentum ebbing and flowing like the ocean as Hannibal feels caught between wanting to ravish and worship the man beneath him in equal measure. Caught between the warring desires to ravage him, to lay claim thoroughly and ruthlessly, and to luxuriate in the wonder of being intimate with Will for the very first time. His actions and emotions swing from one extreme to the other.

Will leans up and tugs at the hem of his sweater, raising an eyebrow in question and his fingers gently rub against the skin above his waistband. Hannibal nods slightly and basks in the warmth of Will's hands as he caresses his chest while pushing up his clothing. He pulls

the sweater off and drops it beside them, his attention entirely focused on Will as the younger man strokes over his chest and arms. The warm sensation of the gentle and sensual touch soothes the hunger under his skin.

A shining reflection catches his eye and his attention is drawn to the gold ring on Will's finger, the band that binds him to another, and Hannibal aches. The ring signifies that Will made a vow and declaration of commitment to someone else, that he willingly tied himself to someone who wasn't Hannibal. He needs it gone.

Hannibal grips Will's wrist, just on the edge of too tight, and brings his hand to his face. He presses the tip of Will's finger to his lips so he can feel they are still damp with traces of spit and precum then slips the finger into his mouth.

Will watches his every move with bated breath, not daring to move as Hannibal swallows his finger all too aware of how dangerous it is to have part of your body in a cannibal's mouth, and how bizarre it is that he's more worried now than when Hannibal was sucking his cock.

Hannibal pulls the offending ring off with his teeth, scraping them lightly against Will's skin, he then takes it from his mouth and casts it into the currently unlit fireplace without a second thought. Will does nothing to stop him nor utter a single protest as he does so. Hannibal nuzzles into Will's hand, revelling in the sensation of his bare fingers resting against his cheek and jaw. He places small kisses against his palm, then the base of his thumb trailing down to lick the thin skin of his wrist where his pulse thrums wildly. The feeling of Will's heartbeat thundering against his lips is exhilarating, to feel how much his attentions affect his beloved and to be allowed so close is something Hannibal has greatly desired.

With one last kiss Will's wrist Hannibal releases him and leans down to kiss his hips, licking and nipping the bones. As he nuzzles against the warm skin he sees a discolouration, faint but noticeable now he's so close. He frowns and smooths his thumb over the blemished skin then he stills as he realises exactly what it is. He digs his nail into Will's skin creating a bright red crescent in the middle of the light bruise in the shape of someone else's fingers, paying no mind to the sharp hiss Will emits. It is a stark reminder of Will's transgression, of his *infidelity*.

Hannibal snarls and fits his own hands over the fingerprints maring Will's hips and *presses*. Will arches beneath him, groaning deeply at the shock of aching pain, but Hannibal's grasp keeps him pinned to the floor. Hannibal digs his fingers deep until he knows the impression of his own fingers have overwritten those that came before, the bruises bursting red beneath his touch.

Ravenous desire flares bright in his veins and the need to claim overtakes the lingering sweetness of intimacy. Hannibal uses his grip on Will's hips to manhandle him once more, flipping him and pulling him up on all fours. Once again Hannibal finds himself frozen as he takes in the sight of Will's back, the expanse of his shoulders marked with vivid purple bite marks, the mauve indentations of teeth still distinguishable. His vision goes red as he is able to vividly imagine how those marks came to be, he can picture the animalistic frenzy of the Dragon as he took Will and it makes him burn.

"You cruel thing." he growls, tracing the blue edges of the blood burst blooms that decorate Will's back. "Allowing another to mark you, touch you."

Will leans into his touch and spreads his knees a little wider. "He was very honest and forward with his desires."

Hannibal scratches a line down the centre of a bite mark, "Honest communication is something our relationship has often lacked, I admit."

"I thought perhaps Francis would be helpful in provoking a more open dialogue." Will replies and Hannibal can practically hear his smirk.

Provoke. Hannibal remembers the lingering scent Will carried this morning and the glint in his eye of someone who knew something no one else did, of someone playing a game only they knew the rules of. He leans over Will's back and brushes his lips to his ear, "Oh, my darling, be careful what you wish for."

Hannibal bites Will harshly, burying his teeth into the already bruised flesh and doesn't stop until he feels the skin break and Will sobs under him. He ruts his still clothed cock against Will's bare ass as he moves to sink his teeth into the other bite mark, rich warm blood bursting beneath his teeth. He rises so he can admire his work, the once ugly remnants of the Dragon's touch are now remade and christened red. He licks a broad stripe across Will's shoulder blade and hums when the boy whines softly, a rumbling purr of satisfaction.

Hannibal nips the knob of Will's spine and rasps "Stay." He quickly discards his trousers and underwear, groaning when his throbbing cock is finally released from its confines which are soaked with precum.

He resettles behind Will and grunts when the boy pushes his hips back to rub his ass against Hannibal's cock. He grips Will's hips firmly and bites the back of his neck, not enough to bleed this time. Will moans softly and relaxes, giving himself over to Hannibal completely.

Hannibal grunts in pleasure as he strokes his own cock, coating his hand with the precum dripping down his erection until his fingers are slick with it. He presses the pads of two fingertips to Will's hole and simply strokes him, rubbing circles over the muscle, with his other hand he kneads the flesh of Will's hip. He is fixated by the sight as he slips one wet finger inside Will, Hannibal groans low in his throat as he rhythmically thrusts his finger and feels the soft heat of the man under him. After a few moments he slides a second finger in and his cock twitches as Will moans softly and rocks back onto his fingers.

Will looks over his shoulder, his eyes gleaming with hunger, "I'm not made of glass, Hannibal, you don't have to be gentle with me." a wicked smirk graces his lips, "Francis sure wasn't."

Hannibal snarls and his grip tightens on Will's hip and he roughly thrusts his fingers, making sure to press against Will's prostate. Will's smirk melts as he whines and presses his forehead against the carpet as he rides Hannibal's hand.

Hannibal roughly pulls out his fingers and wraps them around his cock, he yanks Will's hips back and pushes his cock into him in one smooth glide. Twin moans fill the room as they revel in the feeling of finally being joined. Hannibal only lingers enough to memorise the feeling of experiencing Will's heat for the first time and then begins fucking him, long, hard thrusts that punch out Will's breath in harsh exhales. He leans over his back, pressing his forehead to Will's spine, licking his skin as he thrusts lost to the pleasure of Will's body. He growls viciously as he feels as if he's already careening towards orgasm far too soon, three years of abstinence has put a strain on his endurance. He stops, he buries his cock as deep as possible and stills, panting against Will's neck as he takes a moment to calm himself, to try to regain some composure so he can take his time.

Will softly keens beneath him, rocking his hips to encourage Hannibal to move but he silences him with a growl and nip to his nape. After a few moments Hannibal sighs and circles his hips, he kisses Will's shoulder and rises to sit back on his heels. He looks down to watch as he slowly pulls out and then thrusts back in, enjoying the intensely erotic vision of his cock disappearing inside Will. He strokes his hand up Will's back and suddenly needs to be as close to him as possible. He wraps his arm around Will's shoulder and pulls him up until he is sitting in Hannibal's lap, his back pressing tightly to his chest.

The moment turns gentle as he grinds his hips, aiming to rub his cock against Will's prostate as he presses gentle kisses to the length of his neck. He splays one hand over the scar on Will's belly and threads the other through his curls, holding him close and burying his nose into the space behind his ear.

"Hannibal." Will sighs softly as he relaxes into Hannibal's body, leaning his head back on Hannibal's shoulder and stroking his hand over Hannibal's arm. He lets out little hitched noises as their hips undulate in small, intense thrusts.

Hannibal wraps his fingers around Will's jaw and tilts his head to capture his lips, kissing him deeply. He moans into Will's mouth as he feels a hand stroke through his hair, clenching the strands. Hannibal nuzzles against Will as he presses kisses to the corner of his mouth and over his jaw to the soft vulnerable place where Will's pulse thunders beneath his skin. He places his tongue to the hot flesh, feeling the thump of Will's heart and sucks hard, worrying the skin until he knows a bruise will bloom beneath his lips.

His cock aches almost painfully as he continues to grind into Will's heat, he knows he can't drag out this moment all night and he wants to see Will's face as he reaches the height of ecstasy. He pushes Will forward slightly and shushes him as he makes little unhappy sounds at Hannibal's seeming retreat. He grunts as his cock slips from Will and guides the boy back to the floor, then encourages him to flip over onto his back. He takes hold of Will's hips and pulls him closer, cooing softly when Will groans in pain as the movement aggravates the bite wounds on his back. He strokes Will's thighs as they wrap around his hips, hissing when Will tightens his hold pressing against the bullet graze in his side. He watches as blood spills from his wound, beads of crimson slide down Will's legs and his own abdomen until it pools at the base of his cock.

Hannibal looks at the blood on Will's chest and a desire sparks, the want to see their blood mingling in the most intimate and filthy way. With a ragged breath he presses his fingers to

Will's stab wound, his cock twitching when Will moans in pain but arches into his harsh touch. Hannibal lifts his hand, now wet with blood, and wraps his fingers around his cock, smearing Will's blood along his erection. His precum turns bright pink with the combination of his and Will's blood. The wet slide of skin makes him shudder, he guides Will's hips and licks his lips with anticipation as he rubs the tip of his cock over Will's hole. He drags out the moment specifically to tease Will, to punish him just a little.

Will writhes and pushes his hips down insistently, whining when Hannibal refuses to move. "Hannibal."

"What do you want, my darling boy?" he rasps, his voice roughened with want and desire.

Will looks at him, his sea glass eyes almost glowing with yearning and want, "You, Hannibal. I just want you."

Hannibal's heart stutters at the words, Will somehow knowing exactly what to say without him even asking. He holds Will's gaze as he slides into him, they gasp at the striking intimacy of their union, the experience both physical and metaphysical.

Hannibal leans down and presses his forehead to Will's, practically bending the other man in half. They pant into each other's mouth, the damp heat making everything more sensual and it feels like the entire world outside melts away, ceasing to exist.

Hannibal licks the length of Will's neck, he can taste the salt of his sweat enhanced by the ocean air - he tastes like freedom. He places small kisses down Will's neck as he grinds his cock deep inside him, barely moving his hips in the desperation to be as close as possible.

As he moves past the base of Will's throat his chin brushes over the stab wound just below Will's collarbone and the need to claim and possess pulses through Hannibal's blood. He bites down hard until the skin breaks and sweet metallic blood spills into his mouth, remaking Francis' mark with one of his own. The combination of salt and iron spreads over his tongue, the life essence of Will sitting on his palate - it soothes his desire to claim while hastening his need to be claimed by Will in return.

He lifts Will into his lap, wrapping his arms around him tightly, "Bite me, Will." he gasps. He feels desperate for it, to have Will's mark branded into his skin, to have a permanent and irrevocable reminder of Will's connection to him, claim on him. Will has had a claim on Hannibal since the moment they met, whether he knew it or not, and Hannibal finally wants to fully consummate their mutual claim on each other.

For a moment Will just looks at him and Hannibal remains unflinching beneath his intense gaze. Will moves and Hannibal throws his head back with a snarled moan as he feels Will bury his teeth into the meat of Hannibal's left pectoral, biting deeply into the flesh above his heart. He moans lavishly as his skin splits beneath Will's teeth, hot blood spilling down his chest. Will releases him and Hannibal is enamoured by the sight of his beloved lust drunk, his mouth drenched in Hannibal's own blood. He kisses Will fiercely, moaning at the metallic flavour coating Will's tongue.

He lays Will back down and fucks into him, slow hard thrusts that rock Will's body against the floor. Hannibal presses his head to Will's shoulder as his thrusts quicken, his desire overtaking him as pleasure spikes in his gut. Will threads his fingers in his hair and holds him close, rhythmically clenching his legs to match Hannibal's pace.

Hannibal groans into Will skin as he feels his orgasm fast approaching, he kisses Will's shoulder then leans up to watch Will's face twist with pleasure as Hannibal fucks him. He slows his thrusts until he is just grinding his hips so his cock rubs insistently against Will's prostate once more, buried so deep inside the younger man so that no one could ever remove his claim. Will whines beneath him as he writhes, desperately trying to encourage Hannibal to move more.

"Hannibal, I want to come, please." he begs.

Hannibal groans as Will tightens around his cock already so close to climax after teasing them both, but still he says nothing and simply denies Will further. Instead he digs his fingers into the already purple bruises blooming on Will's thighs, determined to deepen their colour.

Will whines and arches his back, clearly enjoying the flash of pain, his red cock weeping precum on his belly. Will leans up, his lips brushing delicately against Hannibal's mouth as he whispers, "Pretty please."

Hearing those sweet words in that softly cloying tone breaks him, he wants to bring Will a pleasure so intense and blinding that he never even thinks about being intimate with anyone else ever again.

He wraps his hand around Will cock and strokes him quickly while he snaps his hips in wild, rough thrusts. He comes first, he drives deep and groans as his pleasure crests, cumming deep inside Will as he feels an intense bliss so far beyond anything he's experienced before. He pants, his chest heaving and still trembling with his orgasm as he watches in awe as Will arches, throwing his head back and moaning loudly as cum splashes over his skin, covering the scar on his belly. Hannibal snarls as Will's muscles clench around his cock driving him into oversensitivity, his pleasure turning sharp.

He feels his body go weak and settles over Will, burying his head in Will's neck as they pant and shiver in the aftermath. He purrs in contentment as Will strokes his damp hair and sweat slick back, adoring Will's gentle petting, something he thought he would never experience.

Will emits a hushed keening sound as Hannibal's softening cock finally slips from him followed by a trail of cum. Hannibal kisses his throat soothingly and slowly pushes himself up, his body sluggish as the adrenaline begins to wear thin. He looks at Will's slightly puffy hole, his cum leaking from him, and feels a satisfied flare of possessiveness to know he has claimed Will inside and out.

He lifts Will's legs from around his hips and lies down on the plush rug beside him, smiling brightly when Will moves closer. Hannibal strokes over Will's arm and back until his hand rests on his waist, basking in the simple pleasure of being able to hold his beloved. His chest aches, a wonderful warm ache, when Will smiles at him - a true, happy smile free from any pretence or strain. This is happiness. Hannibal has felt so few moments of true happiness in

his life since he lost his family and all of them are connected to Will. Their relationship is something no one is meant to understand, not even them. It's too complicated and beautiful for words, an ineffable bond that can never be broken.

He spent those years in prison never quite sure if he would see him again but hoping beyond hope that Will would find his way back to him. And he did. His beloved Will not only returned to him but finally chose him. He finally embraced Hannibal and the love they share.

He remembers the look in Will's eyes when he asked for his cooperation. The air of mischief and deception he carried as he explained the plan, thin and weak as it appeared, though Hannibal supposes it was for it was only the mask thinly veiling Will's true intentions.

Hannibal smiles, soft and indulgent in a way only ever meant for Will's eyes and murmurs "This is all by your design, my cruel, cunning boy. Was it all you imagined it would be?"

"No," Will whispers as he caresses Hannibal's face gently and smiles, "It's so much more."

End Notes

My scent profile for Molly:

Apple, Violet, Vanilla orchid and Agarwood.

Fruity sweet crisp apple with tender powdery violet, fresh green notes and a soft floral woody base with light creamy vanilla notes.

Apple - fresh, crisp, bright, juicy, lightly sweet and fruity.

Violet flowers - a soft, tender aura, a bit similar to iris, powdery and romantic with a woody floral tone.

Violet leaf - fresh and green, reminiscent of cucumber peel and cut grass.

Vanilla orchid - a pleasant fragrance of vanilla, reminiscent of creamy jasmine and green grape.

Agarwood - a light woody scent, what makes it so unusual are the notes of bright fruits and soft floral with notes of vanilla and musk.

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My scent profile for Francis:

Blood Orange, Nutmeg, Guaiac wood and Tobacco leaf

A burning out campfire of smokey wood, rich earth, skin-warm leather with sweet spice and a tang of berry-like citrus.

Blood orange - warm, tangy citrus with a berry-like quality.

Nutmeg - rich and woody, spicy sweet with earthy notes.

Guaiac wood - woody, smokey, leathery, warm like amber.

Tobacco leaf - warm, rich, herbaceous, woody, sweet, lightly smokey, seductive and mellow earth aroma.

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